

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!

NO. ²
35

JAN.

PEP COMICS

10¢



THE SHIELD



SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 14

DUSTY and I have just been deeply honored. We've been visited by a very important personage indeed—none other than the No. 1 man of Riverdale himself, Mr. Archie Andrews.

We should have guessed he was coming when we heard the shuffling and thumping outside in the street, but we thought there'd been an accident or something. It was only later, when Archie himself walked in the door, that we realized that what we had heard was Archie's car crawling down the street.

Archie had big news for us, and he asked me to pass it along to you fellows and girls. We have good Sergeant Boyle and several others have told you about the new ARCHIE COMICS, remember? Well, by the time you read this, this great new comic book, featuring Archie himself in half a dozen laugh adventures, along with CUSBY, THE BEAR, JUDAS COW, SQUOMBY THE WORM, and HUMPHIE, THE BEE-TESTIVE, will be on your favorite newsstand within a day or two, if they're not there already. I know that you're looking forward to reading it just as much as Dusty and I. Tell my Archie and the new features are really swell!

And now I'd like to say a few words about Charles Whitmore, General Delivery, Irving, Texas. Charles has written me a really interesting letter, and I know you members of the Shield G-Man Club would like to hear about him. Charles has one ambition in life: to be a flyer. As Charles puts it: "Although my father was an Army man, he spent his military period on the ground . . . and I guess, therefore, that I have more after my uncle. He's a member of the Eagle Squadron in England. I don't think that there's anything more pleasant in life than the good, clean smell of the sky."

Charles goes on to tell that he's spent several hours in the air already, that he feels more at home in a plane than he does on the ground, and that he's going to enter the Army Air Corps as soon as he reaches the acceptable age.

Well, all I can say is that you're a pretty unusual fellow, Charles. I remember that Dusty looked green as grass the first time he went up in a plane, and I recall I didn't feel too happy myself. Anyhow, lots of luck . . . and say, Charles, have you joined HANGMAN COMICS' Junior Flying Corps? It's a club created for fellows like you—active, brave, fighting Americans.

Keep 'em flying!

Outstanding members this month:

Jeanette Reich
131-15 Liberty Avenue
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Jack Bowles
Piney View, W. Va.

Helen Kovach
303 Park Place
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sydney Reich
131-15 Liberty Avenue
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Anthony Reicks
515 Monroe Street
Hoboken, N. J.

Robert Gibbs
Bendabert, Oregon

Joe Higgins (The Shield)

CUT ON THIS LINE

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
40 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



Name _____

Address _____

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

THE ORIGINAL SHIELD AND DUSTY THE BOY



THE CORPSE GOT UP AND
AND WALKED AWAY! BUT
THE SHIELD AND HIS DREAM
SIDEKICK, DUSTY HAD THE
WALKING SHOES ON TOO, SO
THEY FOLLOWED THE CORPSE
SHACK INTO THEIR SCREAM-
ING ADVENTURE! THE TEAM
OF THE WALKING CORPSE!

By [illegible] and [illegible]

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WITNESS THE PREVIEW OF A NEW MOTION PICTURE IN THE GLORIOUS PALATIAL PALACE (GRAMAM MUSIC HALL...)

BUT ONLY FRANKENSTEIN REMAINS AS FIRE MOST DREADED FEE OF THE THEATRE, BRACKS OUT



SCREAMING HEADLINES ANNOUNCE THE NEWS OF THE CATASTROPHE

HURRY! READ ALL ABOUT IT!





SIT DOWN HERE TO
MAKE-THAT'S RIGHT
LEFTY-NOW WHAT
WAS IT YOU WANTED?

YOU KNOW
WHAT I
WANT AND
I WANT IT
NOW!

HE WANTS
NOW LEFTY-
SO GIVE
IT TO
HIM!

NEW
ORAY
SHOCK!



HERE
IT IS,
MADE!

ONE THAT'S A
LITTLE UNDER
THE WEATHER-
SO
WE'RE GONNA LET
HIM SLEEP IT
OFF!

OH NO YOU AN'T!
I DON'T WANT AN
IMMENSE BIRD
ABOUT-GET HIM
OUTTA HERE!



COME ON-WAKE UP, YOU!-
HEY THE BIRD AIN'T SLEEPIN'
HE'S DEAD!



HEY YOU GUYS-
COME BACK
HERE!

STOP!
YOU DUTY
CLERS!

WHAT'S
GON
ON!

THIS NEEDS LOOKING
INTO! DUSTY YOU HOP
INTO THAT BAE AND SEE
WHAT'S WHAT WHILE I
TRAIL THOSE MEN!

THE
KILLERS
RACE FOR A
CAR WAITING AT
THE CURB -

WHICH SPEEDS
AWAY BUT NOT
BEFORE PICKING
UP AN UNEXPECTED
PASSENGER IN
THE PERSON OF
THE SAVANT!

MEANWHILE DUSTY
INVESTIGATES THE CAUSE
OF THE DISTURBANCE

WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?

HOLY COW!
THE GUYS BEEN
MURDERED? I'M GOING
FOR THE POLICE!

OH NO YOU DON'T!
I DON'T WANT ANY
GODS SNOOPIN'
AROUND HERE!

LET GO MISTER-
OR YOU'LL BE
SORRY!



USING JUMPTHE GUSTY SENDS THE
BARTENDER FLYING WITH A CLIP
OF HIS WRIST

NOW TO
FIND A
POLICE-
MAN!



COME WITH
ME QUICKLY,
OFFICER. THERE'S
A MURDER IN A
BAR DOWN THE
BLOCK!

SOME TIME LATER
BACK AT THE BAR



MURDERER?
PATH LAD AND
WHERE'S THE
BODY?

SURE NOW AND IT
COULDN'T WAIT TILL
YOU GOT BACK, SO
IT GOT UP AND
WALKED AWAY!

IT'S
RIGHT THERE
IN THAT BOOTH

THERE
WAS BLOOD
RIGHT OVER HERE!

TELL YA, SEE? IT'S
JUST BEEN CLEANED
AWAY!



WADADYA MEAN? JUST CLEANED?
I CLEAN THIS PLACE ALL THE TIME
DYA THINK I'M SLEEPIN' A JOINT?
BEFORE, THERE HADN'T BEEN A
CUSTOMER HERE FOR THE PAST
HALF HOUR!

HE'S
YING OFFICER
THERE WERE
WITNESSES!



IF YUH
THINK I'M
LYIN' HURRY DON'T
YUH SEARCH
THE PLACE?

A SEARCH REVEALS NOTHING.

YOU DIDN'T BLASTLY
GO OVER THIS PLACE
WITH A FINE TOOTHED
COMB? "Y" KNOW?

OH/ SO
YOU'RE A WISE
GUY, EH? YOU
BETTER COME ALONG
WITH ME, THIS ISN'T
A PROBABLY YOU, BUT
THE SERGEANT
WOULD LIKE TO HEAR
ABOUT YOUR DEAD
BODY?

LATER, AT THE POLICE STATION

THE SERGEANT'S BUSY RIGHT
NOW, SO YOU SIT THERE AND
WAIT, WHILE I WATCH SOME OF
THE BOYS PLAY PINBALL!

ANY
HATS?

MEANWHILE...

THE CAR'S SLOWING
DOWN- THIS IS WHERE
I GET OFF!

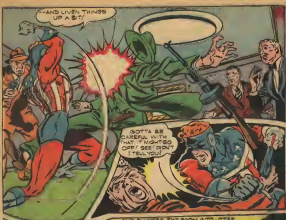
HEY, THAT'S
GORGEOUS!
THE THEATRE
HIGHLIGHTS
LONELY!

THAT'S COOL!
WONDER WHAT THOSE
THUGS WANT WITH
ME- I'D BETTER
HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

THOSE
BROS MEAN
BUSINESS!

AND IF I
JOIN THE
PARTY...

HEY!





SOMEONE IS TRYING TO RUIN ME BOTH SONNALLY AND FINANCIALLY FIRST IT WAS THREATENING LETTERS, THEN VARIOUS BUSINESS VENTURES, WHICH SEEMED SUSPICIOUSLY RAILED.



THE FIRE IN MY THEATRE WAS THE CLIMAX. I WAS ACCUSED OF STARTING THE FIRE TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE IT WASN'T TRUE! BE-LIEVE ME! THAT FIRE JUST ABOUT CLEANED ME OUT!

THAT IS HIS RE-
WARD FOR BEING
A **PROL ANTI-TRUSTIST**
AND A **CIVIC LEADER!**



AND NOW THIS LATEST **OUTRAGE** IN AN ATTEMPT ON THE DEANAM'S LIFE!

I'LL HELP YOU TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY-HOW-
EVER I MUST LEAVE NOW SO I SUGGEST THAT YOU BOTH CARELY ARMED FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION!



I BETTER SEE HOW DUSTY MADE OUT!



MEANWHILE DUSTY'S NOT DOING SO WELL.

100 FOUR HUNDRED

HOW LONG DOES THIS GO ON FOR?

I PASS!



WHY DON'T YOU LET TRAMPPE HE SHOWED THESE DIAMONDS!

SURE NOW CANNON AND WHO APPOINTED YOU AS ADMIRAL?



I'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS AGAIN-TOGETHER!

BLAH! BLAH!



I WISH I HAD HEAVENS
FOR *Amendable Men*!
NOW TO GET BACK
TO THAT BAR!



MY DUTY!
WHEREVER
YOU
GO!

A GUY WAS MURDERED
IN THAT BAR-WHEN I
GOT BACK WITH A COP
THE BODY WAS GONE!
THE COP THOUGHT I WAS
MAKING FIRE DREAMS AND
WENT ME FOR QUEST-
IONS! BUT I
GOT OUT!

I THINK WE'LL
HAVE A CHAT
WITH THE
BASTARD-
SO!

DON'T
ASK
SIMPLY



WE'RE GONNA
SEARCH THIS
PLACE AGAIN
AND THIS
TIME!

YOU
AGAIN!
YOU'LL
SEARCH
NOTHING!

YOU LISTEN
SHORT STUFF
AND REPULSE
SHUT YOUR TRAP
OR YOU'LL BE
SERVED UP AS HAD-
ON TOMORROW'S
MENU!

DEAR-DEAR
I'LL SHOW
YOU
AROUND!

WHAT DO YOU KEEP
DOWN HERE IN THOSE
BAGGELS?

EEEE-
WAAAAA!
THAT'S IT!



SINCE
WHEN IS
EVER
FED?



JUST WHAT WE WERE LOOKING
FOR - IT'S MARIE DIABLO!
I WONDER WHAT HE HAD TO DO
WITH ALL THAT!

YOU MISERABLE
BAP! WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT
THIS?

NOTHING! HONEST! I
WAS SCARED - I THOUGHT
THE DOGS WOULD CLOSE
ME UP IF THEY FOUND A
STUFF HERE - SO I HID
THE BOOK THINGS TO
DUMP IT INTO THE RIVER
LATER!

I BELIEVE YOU! IT TOOK A
VOOR DURING WIND THAN
YOU'RE TO PLAN. THE
NEVERTHELESS YOU'VE DE-
STRUCTED JUSTICE BY
HIDING THE EVIDENCE -
I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO
THE POLICE!

WATERGATE

WHO WAS
THIS GUY
O'REILLY?

SOME
SINGLETON LAWYER
WHO HAD HIS FINGER
IN EVERY FILTHY DEAL
WE'RE GOING TO HIS OFF-
ICE RIGHT NOW!

EXPLANATION

WOW! THE EXPLAINS
EVERYTHING - AND
MORE!

COME ON DUSTY WERE
GOING TO PAY ME
CHARLES GRAHAM
& HIS!

A WHILE LATER AT GRAHAM'S HOME

I THINK I'VE
FOUND THE SOLUTION
TO YOUR PROBLEMS
MR. GRAHAM!

JUST THEN FROM BEHIND

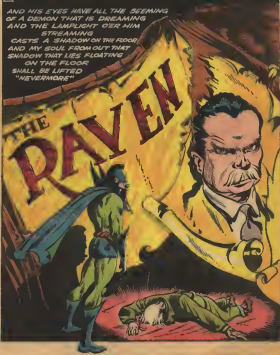
THEY WALKED IN A
LITTLE WHILE THERE'LL
PUT AN END TO BAP!

HE WHO
HE STATES
IS LOST!
REMEMBER
THEY!



THE HANGMAN

AND HIS EYES HAVE ALL THE SEERING
OF A DEMON THAT IS DREAMING
AND THE LAMPLIGHT GER HIM
STREAMING
CASTS A SHADOW ON THE ROOF
AND MY SOUL FROM OUT THAT
SHADOW THAT LIES FLOATING
ON THE FLOOR
SHALL BE LIFTED
"NEVERMORE"





Out of
THE WEIRD AND
HAUNTING PAGES
OF EDGAR ALLAN
POE'S CLASSIC NOVEL,
THE RAVEN, STEPPED
A HUGE BIRD...A BIRD
WHICH TALKED...AND
KILLED. IT CAME OUT OF A
WOOD...AND BROUGHT DEATH
ALONG WITH IT.
WAS IT A SUPERNATURAL
MURDERER OR A HUMAN BEING
WHO, FOR SOME TRISTED REASON
OF HIS OWN, CHOSE THIS
STRANGE GUIDE TO BRING DEATH
TO THE NEW AND ULTRA-
MODERN CENTRAL HOSPITAL?
Just HUMAN OR SUPER-
NATURAL THE RAVEN WAS
UNKNOWN...FOR HE CHOSE THE
CENTRAL HOSPITAL AS HIS
SETTING OF MURDER...AND
THE ANSWER WAS
THERE!











THE "BIRD" WAS OBVIOUSLY A HUMAN BEING DRESSED IN A FANCY COSTUME. I INTEND TO LEARN THE REASON FOR THE COSTUME AND THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON WHO WORE IT. I THINK IT WAS ONE OF "YOU" WHEN I FIND OUT SOMETHING THE HANDSMAN'S MOOSE IS WAITING.



WELL, IT WASN'T MR. HANDSMAN? I AM GLAD HE'S DEAD... BUT I COULDN'T DO IT.

AND I COULDN'T DO IT EITHER.



AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND...



AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOU OR MARTIN? YOU'LL NEVER BRING ABOUT ANYONE'S DEATH AGAIN, MEN, MEN! "GODDAMN THE BASTARD NEVERMORE!"



PERCELY, THE HUSSARD GRABS THE KNIFE INTO DR. MARTIN'S CHEST.



THEN, AS THE OTHERS WATCH FROM WITHIN THE CAVE, THE RAVEN SPEAKS AGAIN.



AND A MINUTE LATER...

WHAT JUST HAPPENED?







SUDDENLY...

NO, I GUESS
HE'S STILL
AROUND!

YES, I'M STILL HERE,
HANDMAN! AND NOW I'M
GOING TO FINISH YOU!

YOU'LL NEVER STICK YOUR
NOSE INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S
BUSINESS AGAIN! DEATH
TO THE RAVEN, NEVERMORE!



NO, RAVEN!
YOU'RE WRONG!



THIS TIME
I'M SAYING
THE REVERSE!



YOUR CAREER
OF MURDER
IS FINISHED!



AND NOW LET'S
HAVE A LOOK AT
YOUR FACE...



I WAS RIGHT!
PAUL LERNER!





CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the
BOY
SOLDIERS



WHAT IS THE MAN WHO
HAS CURSED AND BE-
HOUNDED THE LAND
OF OUR BIRTH, MOSTLY
IN THE HEAT OF MOMENT-
ARY ANGER, NOT ONE SO
VENERABLY AND SO COM-
PLETELY AND SO COMPLETE-
LY AS EDWARD CARTER,
WHO HAD BEEN BLIND-
LY AT THE HANDS OF
OF BULLETS, BURNING,
HATE AND BLOODSHED—
TUNE AS THAT TALKER
ONE WHO HAS BODILY
TAKEN THE HEARTS OF
EVERYTHING DECENT
IN THE WORLD, IN THE
BLOOD OF THE MAN
WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

IN A THUNDERBOLT IN DISGUISE!
HAD INMARCH BORN IN OCCUPIED
FRANCE A BARTLEBY ABOUT
JAMES A. FRANK RESENT
STANDING AT THE BAR.

SILENTLY AND UNSEEN HE PREPARED
A LUNGE PISTOL AGAINST THE
PRISONER'S BACK - THEN
HANGERS COLDLY.

COME WITH ME - AND
DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE!
THIS ISN'T A WATER
PISTOL, NAME FOR THE
DOSE AND KISS DEATH
-CAPTAIN COMMANDO!

YOU MUST BE
MISTAKEN!



THE GESTAPO
DOES NOT MAKE
MISTAKES!

A FEW LATER THE
GESTAPO REAPPEARS!

IN TAKING THIS
MISERABLE DOG
TO MY ROOM
FOR QUESTIONING
-AND I DO NOT
WISH TO BE
DISTURBED IS
THAT UNDER
STOOD?
HE!
HITLER!

A, HERR
CAPTAIN!
HELL
HITLER!

THREE TWO THREE I AM
IN PRE TENDING - CAPTAIN
COMMANDO
NOW WHAT?



I KNOW WHY
YOU'RE HERE! IT'S
OBVIOUS - REBEL HAS
AN IMPORTANT SUB-
MACHINE GUN - AND
INCREDIBLE BOMB
MACHINERY! YOU'D LIKE
TO SEE DESTROYED -
I'D LIKE
TO KILL
YOU!

HE, HE
FUNNY!
VERY FUNNY!



OF COURSE - NOW
TUNE ME IN TO
ACCEPT A CASUAL DEER
OF NO RECORD A GESTAPO
OFFICER IT HAS BEEN A
LONG TIME SINCE I'VE
HAD DEALING WITH
A DECENT MAN - ONE
BOWS SO HARD AND
CALLS US UNDER THE
NASS SYSTEM!

I WONDER
WHAT HE
WAS DOING
AT?



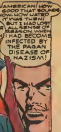


PERHAPS YOU'VE NEVER THOUGHT THAT SO MANY A PROCESSIONS AS BURNING OF A HUNDRED SLAVES, COULD TURN A MAN INTO A NIGHT-MARE NIGHTMARE!



I SEE YOU LOOK FUZZLED. MAYBE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WE NOW HAVE THE PLEDO-PRISONER DISCIPLINE.

BY GEORGE! YOU'RE BEHIND! I'VE STARTED THE FIGHTING BRAWLY RADIO COMMENTATOR FOR THE U.S. BROADCASTING SYSTEM!



AMERICAN! HOW GOOD THAT SOUND FROM NOW LISTED IT WAS THEN! BUT I HAD LOST ALL SENSE OF DEBATE WHEN I HAD BECOME INFECTED BY THE RABID DISEASE OF NAZISM!

YOU REMEMBER MY LAST BROADCAST? YES I THINK YOU DO REMEMBER! NO AMERICAN WILL EVER FORGET IT - TO MY EVER-LASTING SHAME!



DEMOCRACY IS A FALSE IDEAL BASED ON LIES, HATE, STERILITY AND DECEIT. THERE IS ONLY ONE TRUTH AND PURE IDEAL - NAZISM - AND I NEVER MEAN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AS LONG AS I LIVE!



AND THAT TIME I WAS CONSIDERED WITH A POST IN THE PROPAGANDA BUREAU AND A CAPTIVITY OF THE GERMANS AT BERLIN. HOWEVER, MY WIFE WHOM I LOVED, COULD NEVER BE CONVINCE ME TO REMAIN ONE DAY I DECIDED A LET THE HIGH SEAS!

Oh Jack,
The above I am referring to you. I wish you have done the last thing I really in thinking I am an American. I believe and despise anything Nazism stands for.

Dear Anne, For Don's sake, stop writing me letters! They will only get you into trouble and will do us no favor with the Nazi party. Please refrain from writing anything which may be harmful to either of us. It is expected to be settled by not with at which time I will make arrangements for moving. Please let me hear from you.

Edmund



But I hope you CAN'T READ!



"SHOCKED AND FRIGHTENED WITH FEAR, I TURNED BACK, READY TO RUN, LEAVING AN OFFENSE TO DISCOVER MY WIFE'S WHEREABOUTS."

"BUT AFTER YEARS OF UNHAPPY MARRIAGE, I NEVER HAD THE FEELING THAT SHE WAS A PERSON AT ALL. SHE WAS A CONCENTRATION CAMP AT DISPOSAL. I LEFT IMMEDIATELY TO SEE THE COMMANDANT."



"YOUR WIFE IS GUILTY OF A CRIME IN THIS STATE. THE TIME I CAN SPEND ON YOURS AND INFORMATION CONCERNING HER."



"BUT I MUST SEE MY WIFE. ONLY YOUR POSITION IN THE ARMY CAN CARRY SOME WEIGHT."



"YOU ARE RIGHT, CAPTAIN! BUT LET ME DO THIS TO SHOW YOU MY COUNTRY. COME OVER HERE AND TELL ME THIS WHOLE - YOU WILL SEE YOUR WIFE!"



"READY, I AM, SIR!"

"MY GOD, THE ARMY!"



"MY PEOPLE WOULD FOLLOW ME AROUND MY HOUSE AND I WOULD BE ABLE TO AT THE END OF THE DAY..."



"YOUR PEOPLE WOULD FOLLOW ME AROUND MY HOUSE AND I WOULD BE ABLE TO AT THE END OF THE DAY..."



"ANY DOUBT THAT THE NAZI SUSPECT MY INTENTIONS AND SINCE I PUBLICLY DENOUNCED THE CAUSE OF THE UNITED STATES, THEY NATURALLY MISTAKE ME. I AM BETWEEN TWO WORLDS, A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. I WOULD HAVE KNOWN MY MISERABLE FATE SINCE LONG AGO, BUT I THOUGHT THAT I MIGHT REDEEM MYSELF IN SOME MEASURE - YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THAT HOPE."



THREE'S A CUP! WATCH
OUT! THE GUY'S GOT
A GUN!

THE BOY
SOLDIERS!

LET US AT
'IM!

HOLD ON A
MINUTE! THIS
MAN IS GREY!
SO TAKE IT EASY!

WHAT ARE YOU FELLOWS
DOING HERE? WHERE
ARE YOUR UNIFORMS?

WHEN YOU DON'T RE-
PLY ON TIME, WE
DECIDED TO FIND OUT
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU! WE
SICKED UP
YOUR TRAIL
AND FOLLOWED
YOU HERE!

IN ORDER TO
APPEAR LESS CON-
SPICUOUS WE SUB-
STITUTED OUR REGULAR
CLOTHES FOR OUR
UNIFORMS. NOW
TELL US, WHO THIS
MAN IS? WHAT'S
THIS ALL ABOUT?

WHO HE IS
ISN'T IMPORTANT,
EXCEPT THAT
HE'S A SPION
WHO IS GOING
TO HELP US ON
OUR RAID ON
BESST!

BEFORE FROM TELLING ME I KNOW
THE BEST PROJECTIVE IS THE
RADIO STATION. USE STRONG
COMMUNICATIONS VITAL WITH
MY INTELLIGENCE WE CAN GAIN ACCESS
TO THE STATION. BUT FIRST YOU'LL

HAVE TO
DISGUISE
YOURSELF AS
A GERMAN
SOLDIER

A LITTLE LATER, A SPION
OFFICER AND HIS ASSISTANT
A LOCAL RADIO STATION.

WHAT IS IT? NEED KADYAN?

I HAVE BROUGHT NEW ORDERS FOR YOU—ORDERLY GIVE THEM THE ORDERS!

WITH PLEASURE!

UHH!

THEY'VE BROKEN SEVEN OF OUR BOMBS ON!

OH NO YOU BONT!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE THE LAST ONE IT WAS GETTING KIND OF TIRE SOME DOING THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER!

THE RADIO AND TELEPHONE SERVICE IS SOON TURNED INTO CHATTER!

NOW WE MUST JUMP FAST BEFORE THE DAMAGE IS DISCOVERED

RETURN TO YOUR COMMANDS. WHEN YOU HEAR A MOTOR SHOT BEGIN THE ATTACK! EVERYTHING WILL BE READY!

YES - A BISTOL SHOT THAT WILL END THE MURDEROUS CAREER OF COLONEL BERNER, WHO IS NOW IN COMMAND HERE - THE SAME COLONEL BERNER WHO SO WANTONLY HAD MY WIFE KILLED BEFORE MY VERY EYES.

A SHORT WHILE LATER - EDWARD CARTER ENTERS THE OFFICE OF COL. BERNER.

AN CARTER, JUST THE MAN I WANTED TO SEE!

DEARLY? HOW CONVENIENT!

YES, I'M NOT - BUT UP YOUR HANDS CARTER! YOU ARE SHOT! ABOUT 15 SECONDS AGO, I WAS EXPECTED YOU OF ANTI-NATIONAL SYMPATHIES SINCE THE DEATH OF YOUR WIFE! NOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A LITTLE TALK TO DADMAN?

WE GOT TO SIGNAL THE COMMANDOS. IF I PRETEND TO ESCAPE THROUGH THE WINDOW WE'LL FIRE AT ME! IT'S THE ONLY WAY EVEN IF IT MEANS MY LIFE!

STOP! YOU FOOL - OR I'LL SHOOT!

AS CARTER FALLS HIS HAND CLUTCHES AT THE WINDOW SHADE -

THATN RELAYED BY DEATH CALLING THE SHADE TO SPRING UP - REVEALING -

LIEBER GOTT! COMMANDOS! HOW DID THEY GET HERE?

IN WONDERLAND

DANGER, I'M
BLOWING
AWAY!

WOOOOOOO...
I-I HAVE ALL I
CAN DO TO STAY
ON THE GROUND
MYSELF, KUPPE!



WONDERLAND HOLDS
MANY TERRORS—BUT NONE
GREATER THAN ITS STORMS!
FOR WHEN THE WIND HOWLS,
AND THE SALES RAGE, IT IS
AS THOUGH ALL THE SPIRITS
ALL THE WITCHES, THE HOBB-
GOBLINS AND EVERYTHING
EVIL HAS BEEN RELEASED
FROM OUT A GIGANTIC
PANDORA'S BOX! IN JUST
SUCH A STORM DO OUR
HEROES, ANNY AND KUP-
PEAKE FIND THEMSELVES AS
THEY SOOK WONDERLAND
FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES!

THE WHO
IS DYING DOWN
A LITTLE KUPPE!
KEEP DOWN!

ARE--
ARE YOU
REDDY?



I COULDN'T...

STAY UP--

I WANTED TO



WELL, IT'S ALL OVER
NOW! HA, HAY YOU
SURE LOOKED
FUNNY!

WHY?
WHAT A
WORKOUT!











OHAY, YOUNG FELLER! I
GUESS THAT'S YOU FOR
COMING FOR ME NOW?



HEY! THAT KING
SEE IS SHAKING UP
OVER THE LEAF!

HAALP!—
DARNIT, MY
FALLING!



WHEN I TALK ABOUT LUCKY BECAUSE
THIS FLOATING LEAF CAME ALONG
JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!



WHEN!—THIS IS FUN, GLIDING
ALONG IN A LEAF THE WAY
KUPPE!

FUN FOR ME MAYBE!
BUT THE BOONIE HERE ON
THE GROUND THE BETTER
I LIKE IT!



WELL, YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH NOW.
WE'RE ABOUT TO LAND! HOLD
TIGHT, KUPPE!



SAY WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING,
KUPPE!

MISSING THE GROUND!
WHYNA! (SHOCK) BOY,
AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU
AGAIN!



WELL, THERE'S
THE BOTTLE!

OH! LET'S
OPEN IT!



WELL, FURN
A LITTLE
MORE!
WILL YOU?

HOW ABOUT YOU
FEELING A LITTLE
HUNGRY? IN DOING
MY BEST?



IT'S NO USE!
WE'RE JUST TOO
SMALL TO OPEN
IT!

SEE THIS—
GOLLY! WHAT'LL
WE DO NOW?

BUT JUST THEN—



HURRY! IT'S OUR
FRIEND THE KING BEE
AGAIN! THEN HE'S
TRYING TO TELL US HE
WANTS TO HELP!



HOW
CAN
SHE
HELP US?

SUDDENLY THE KING BEE
TURNS AND—



AND A FEW FEET AWAY
ANTS GET THE CALL—



QUICKLY THE ANTS GET TO
WORK—



AND WITH AN OLD CORN SCREW—



THEN, GETTING HOLD OF
SOME THIN WIRES—



THE INSECTS
PROCEED TO
BUILD AN IN-
STELLING—



WHICH HELPS
DIRECTLY TOWARD
THE CORN!



DOWN, DOWN, DOWN GOES THE COOK SCREEN—



UNTIL IT RE-
GAINS TO PEACE
THE COOK—



THEN—



HEY LOOK!
IT'S IN
TIGHT!

YEAH!
NOW THEY'RE
GONNA
PULL IT!



WHAT IS IT,
MASTER?

WELL, DO
YOU HEAR
SOMETHING?



WHAT IS IT,
MASTER?

GET US THE FRUIT
OF THE GROWING
TREE, JENNY, AND
FOR FITS, SAE,
DON'T TALK
SO LOUD!

YEAH—
SOUNDS
LIKE
THUNDER!



—SEE IT IS
MASTED!



SEE? IT SURE
FEELS GOOD TO
BE JED AGAIN,
HUNT!

AND NOW
I CAN TALK
A BEEHIVE
PAL! I LIKE
BEE!



WHAT'S THAT YOU
SAY ABOUT LYING
BEEH KUPPE?

BOOMER!
NEVER HAD!
I CANCEL
THAT
STATEMENT!

MORE UNUSUAL ADVENTURES
IN WONDERLAND WITH DANNY AND
KUPPE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!
LOOK FOR 'EM!

DEATH OF A BALLET DANCER

A HANGMAN STORY

By FLENN V. LIVINGSTON

THELMA GORDON was annoyed—very much so.

You didn't have to tell that to Bob Dickering. He knew she was annoyed by the set of her chin, by the steely glint in her eyes, and by the fact that she informed him of her annoyances approximately three hundred times during the evening.

The three hundred and first time was the one which broke the Dickering's back. Bob turned to her and said, "All right, Thelma, you feel you've been gyped—and it serves you right. I didn't want to come to this boiler performance in the first place . . . but you invited . . ."

"Wait a minute, Bob," Thelma said. "Don't get me wrong. I enjoyed the performance tremendously. All I'm sorry about is the fact that Ivan Tarchov was supposed to appear tonight—and didn't. After all, they advertised his appearance . . ."

"I know, I know," said Bob. He sighed. "I understand, Ivan Tarchov is the top man in the ballet dancing field, and you've always wanted to see him, and you can't understand why he didn't appear tonight . . . and you want me to find out why. Correct?"

"Absolutely," said Thelma. She smiled radiantly. "Just satily my curiosity, and I'll feel better. I told Bennett, Tarchov's manager, that I was a reporter earlier in the evening when I inquired and he slammed the door in my face. But you told me yesterday that you've known Bennett for years, and I thought that maybe . . ."

Bob shrugged his shoulders, asked Thelma to wait right there at the rear of the theatre, and walked with long, swinging steps in the direction of Ivan Tarchov's dressing room. And at

the door, abruptly, he stopped.

Edgar Bennett was leaning against the door, his face the color of paper.

Bob stepped forward quickly, and took hold of Bennett's shoulder. He shook it, and Bennett stared up at him with dazed eyes. "Ed," said Bob. "Ed—what's wrong?"

Bennett looked at him. "It—it's Tarchov," he said, slowly. "He's dead . . ."

Bob let go of Bennett's shoulder, and turned the knob of the door. The door swung open and the two men entered.

Ivan Tarchov lay on a couch. His features were waxey, his face treated. He looked as if he had died in horrible pain. . . .

Three men stood around his bedside. Two of them were talking quietly—clean looking, competent men whom Bob guessed were doctors. And the third man was a surprise. . . .

He was an enormous Russian with powerful shoulders and hands, and he must have been almost seven feet tall. He was dressed in wide, washed trousers with a silk shirt and he looked like something out of Anatein Russia—deadly and mysterious. And this was incongruous, because he was crying.

Bob examined Tarchov briefly and turned to the doctors. "How did he die?" he asked.

"Tetanus, Lockjaw, you know. We didn't catch it in time," one doctor answered.

"Lockjaw, eh?" Bob said. "How was he infected?"

"I'll tell you that," Bennett cut in. "Tarchov danced for a living—and naturally, in a profession of that sort, he wanted to protect his feet. Therefore, for street purposes, he always wore old shoes—very old shoes

which he'd had for a long time and which kept his feet in perfect ease. One of these shoes had a nail which had worn through from the heel . . ."

"I see," said Bob. "Didn't Tarchov put some antiseptic on the wound—Iodine, mercurochrome, or something?"

"Kali did," Bennett said. He indicated the weeping Russian. "That's Kali over there. Been with Tarchov for years—ever since Ivan left Russia in 1917. He put some iodine on the cut—but that was some time after Ivan got the cut, and apparently it was too late. That's the iodine right over there . . ."

The bottle of iodine lay on a table nearby. Casually Bob opened the bottle and smelled the brown liquid. Then he set the bottle down and thought for a moment. . . .

"Ed," he said to Bennett, "tell me something. Did Tarchov have any enemies?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Never mind that," Bob said. "Did he have any enemies?"

Bennett continued to stare. "Wait a minute," he said. "If you've got any ideas about this being other than a normal death by tetanus, let me set you straight. Two of the most competent doctors in this city have been on the case immediately from the first symptoms, and there's no doubt whatever that Ivan died of tetanus infection. He's been sick for three days, but up till the final delirium, he begged me not to let the newspapers know. He was a funny guy—hated people to know anything about his personal business. . . ."

"I haven't said anything about the death not occurring

through because I suppose—
he have any enemies?"

"None whatever," Bennett said. "I tell you Tarchov was a funny guy. Intropective, solitary. Why, will you believe it—up till Ivan got sick and Kaliv came running for me, I'd never been in this room! All our business was conducted in my office. But here in his dressing room, and at his home—he received his visitors just didn't like people. Kaliv was the only one with him all the time."

"I see," said Bob, slowly. "I can't stress that too strongly. He was the most unfriendly man I've ever known. He had no enemies—and no friends. Nobody knew him well enough to want to kill him."

Again Bob thought for a moment, and then he walked toward the door. At the door he turned. "One more thing, Ed," he said. "Is Tarchov interested in horses?"

Bennett looked surprised. "Why, yes!" he said. "How did you know? I've naturally never been to his house, but in one of his rare conversational moments, he told me that he keeps a small stable near the house. He's a great rider—comes from a family of Canucks."

"And, naturally," Bob said, "he had no stableman?"

"No," Bennett said. "He had no other servants—just Kaliv."

Bob smiled grimly. Everything fitted in. He'd read once enough about Tarchov's liking for privacy . . . from all the stories he'd read, Bennett's statement about never having been in Tarchov's dressing room or home was certainly logical. And the horse angle tied in . . .

"You had all better be here at exactly this time tomorrow night," Bob said. "You're going to be wanted by a friend of mine—The Hangman!"

It was only after Bob had gone that the others noticed

that the iodine bottle was gone. Twenty-four hours later they were all there. And as they stood there, waiting tensely, The Hangman stepped through the door.

"I've come here," he said quietly, "to reveal the murder of Ivan Tarchov."

"Murderer!" Bennett burst out. "Hain't Dickering told you the facts of this case? Tarchov died of an accidental cause."

"You're wrong," said The Hangman. "Tarchov was murdered—murdered with a sure trick which, even though the murderer doesn't think so, is as well-known to the police as more orthodox methods like stabbing or shooting."

The air was tense. "What do you mean?" Bennett croaked.

"Let me tell you how it was done," The Hangman said. "The murderer, by forcing a nail up into a shoe, caused Tarchov to cut himself. Before doing this, he planted an antiseptic bottle filled with tetanus germs, so that when the victim used the iodine, he was inoculated as thoroughly as though the germs had been injected into his arm with a hypodermic needle!"

One of the doctors spoke up. "That's impossible," he said. "Tetanus germs would die instantly in an iodine solution."

The Hangman nodded. "True," he said, "but that bottle didn't contain iodine. Dickering gave me the bottle and I had analyzed it. The bottle contains argyrol, a solution very much like iodine but so much weaker that tetanus germs can live comfortably in it . . . and it also contains enough tetanus germs to kill an army."

"That—that's amazing," said the doctor. "But how on earth did the killer manage to get his hands on tetanus germs?"

"Very simple," said The Hangman. "Tetanus germs can

be found by the millions around stables. The killer simply took some ground at the stable, immersed it in water, and in that way he got the solution."

There was a strained silence. "And now," The Hangman said, "for the murderer. You all realize who it is, don't you? Who had access to Tarchov's shoe, so that he could do the nail? Who had access to Tarchov's stable? And who made sure that Tarchov would use the so-called iodine bottle? Kaliv . . . of course!"

Suddenly the big Russian leaped back. A knife was in his hand. "Stand still, everyone," he said.

"I've been quite correct, haven't I, Kaliv?" The Hangman said, calmly.

"Quite correct," said Kaliv. "I wanted more than twenty years to pay Tarchov back. My family were his servants back in Russia . . . and the filthy rat treated them horribly. One by one I saw them die of starvation—and I swore I'd pay him back. So I remained his servant. I knew I couldn't just murder him out in the open in Russia. Then, when he fled to America I thought my chance was coming. But here, too, there was a law which dealt swiftly with murderers . . . the gallows! He panted for breath. "So I waited. And then, finally, I hit upon the plan to take care of him. I thought no one would guess—but now that you have, Hangman . . . everyone in this room must die!"

Then The Hangman jumped! He got hold of the knife hand, and wanted. He ducked Kaliv's other massive fist, and the knife clattered to the floor.

Then, swiftly, The Hangman's hand found a nerve-center and pruned Kaliv's eyes bulged and he fell to the floor.

The Hangman turned to Bennett. "Phone the police," he said.

SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL

"I WELL, I HAVEN'T LEARNED ANY MORE, BUT AT LEAST I BEGGED ONE NAZI!"

"DID YOU HEAR, SERGEANT? THEY EXPECT THE NAZIS TO ATTACK US ON CHRISTMAS!"

"YEAH! GUSHA! I'LL HOP OUT OVER NO-MAN'S-LAND AND TAKE A 'GALUNT'!"



"OH OH! HE GOT MY MOTOR!"

"EVEN IF I MANAGE TO LAND THE CRAFT, I'LL PROBABLY GET CRASHED BY A NAZI PATROL!"



"WELL, IT COULDN'T BEEN WORSE IF WE CAN GET A REPAIR CREW OUT HERE. SHE'LL SOON BE GOOD AS NEW!"

"WE HAVEN'T HAD A FULL SCALE ATTACK FROM THE NAZIS - EXACTLY IN WHICH I WONDER, HOW COME?"

"NONE OF THEM SMALLER BOES WOULD HAVE BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL EITHER!"

"TO BETTER HUSTLE IF I WANT TO GET BACK TO WHAT'S THAT?"

?





"WELL, PAN MY BROTHER
A GERMAN OFFICER!
HE'S STILL ALIVE!"

"ACH! I TOLD DEM
IT WAS NO JOKE, BUT
DEY WOULDNT LISTEN!
YE CANT WIN WITH-
OUT DEE FIELD
MARSHAL!"



"WHAT'S THE
MATTER?
HURT BAD?"

"LITTE TO ME YOU
FOOL! MARSHAL DON-
MEL IS A SICK MAN!
HE'S BEEN SENT BACK
TO GERMANY TO RE-
COVER! WHY DONT
YOU BELIEVE
ME!"



"OHLY HADDERED
HIS EYES OUT
OF HIS HEAD!
WHAT'S THAT
ABOUT MARSHAL
DONMEL?"

"I DONT CARE
VOT THEY TOLD
YOU! I SAY
DONMEL IS
NO LONGER HERE!
HE- ACH! MY
HEAD!"



"I MUST HAF BEEN
DEE BOOY! AT LAST SOME-
BODY YELL LISTEN TO
ME! VOT I SAY IS TRUE!
MARSHAL DONMEL IS NO
MORE IN COMMAND! HE
IS A RELATIVE OF
MINE AND I KNOW!"



"THEY ARE KEEPING
IT A SECRET BECAUSE
OF DE MORALS!
NOBODY KNOWS
NOT ME! I-I-I!"

"AAAAGH!!"

"HEY!"



"HE'S DEAD. POOR DOCKY!
WONDER IF THERE IS
ANYTHING TO HIS STORY?
WE WON'T MIND IF I
BORROW HIS UNIFORM!"



"IF IT IS TRUE,
THAT EXPLAINS
THE LONG LIL
SLEEP FOR LITTLE
SQUIGGLERS LIKE
THIS LAST ONE!"



"MEANWHILE
GOSH! CAN I FIND
BOYLE ANYWHERE? THE
HEIR'S MUST HAVE
GOTTEN HIM!"



"A NAZI!"



BOYLE AND THOMPSON ARRIVE IN THE
NAG - HOLD TOWN.



KEEP YOUR EYES AND
EARS OPEN AND YOUR
MOUTH SHUT. WE MAY
FIND OUT SOMETHING
ABOUT THEIR CURRY ROUTE!
OUR PLANS HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO BRIT IT ANY
WHERE!



SEE? IT
IS STRANGE!
THEY SAY!
LOOK OUT!
YOU... YOU!



DOESN'T BELIEVE
YOUR REEF, BE!
I'M SO SORRY,
THREE IS
ANOTHER ONE!
HIC!



THANKS!
WHAT IS THIS?
SO ON, BEAT
IT WILL YOU?
YOU'RE ATTRACT-
ING ATTENTION!



GOON-
SPIES,
ARE YOU?



YOU THINK
YOU'RE SHIPY?
HIC! PHOOEY!
I'M THE ONLY
GOOD SHIPY
AROUND HERE!
HIC!



SHAM!
QUIET,
YOU DAFF!
HEY!



OH, YOU DON'T WANT
PEOPLE TO KNOW
WHAT BAD - HIT - SHIPY
YOU ARE, I'M NOT
SURPRISED WHY!



NOT
ALL
ONE?



WAKE THOSE
SHIPY GO AWAY!
THERE ISN'T ANY
TERRIBLES, BE!
I WASH HERE
FIRST!



SO!
UP MIT DER
HANDS! UP MIT 'EM!







THAT'S WHAT THE NEXT SET IS THE FIELD MARSHAL AND THE THREE OF US SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! HE'S BEEN SENT BACK TO BRUNSWICK AND NOT EVEN HIS OFFICERS KNOW OF IT!



ONLY WARRIOR! NO TASK DID IT!

WE'VE GOT TO GO! SOME THREE HOURS FROM NOW! LISTEN! WHEN THE GENERAL COMES BACK YOU TELL HIM...



SOMEONE KEPT YOU WAITING! SAY HELLO FOR YOUR FRIEND!

OH, HE'S BACK SOON!



HE'S VERY BUT TO CATCH SOME MORE SPIN!

FINE! FINE! OH, EXCUSE ME! DER PHONE!



HELLO, MR. FIELD MARSHAL DOWNER! WHERE ARE YOU? WE HAVE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!



DUMMCKOPF! DIDN'T YOU GET MY MESSAGE? I WANT DER ATTACK TO START AT VINDICANT! GET MOVING! DONE RIGHT!



WHO WAS THAT TELLING IN THERE?

WE BETTER TAKE A LOOK!



NOT DID YOU SAY WARRIOR? I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

SAY! WOULD DER PHONE IN A LITTLE LOUDER!



NOW GET READY AND GET SOME ORDERS! I WANT DER ATTACK TO COMMENCE RIGHT AWAY!



IF YOU SEE THREE
SECRET SERVICE
AGENTS OR SEE SOMETHING
ANYWAY GET AWAY
QUICK! GET AWAY
PERSONAL
RECORDS OFF
MINE!

JA
JA! JA!
JA!



HELLO! HER ORDERS
ARE CHANGED! WE
ATTACK RIGHT AWAY!
AND SEND UP BOMBS
FOR THREE!



MY GENERAL!
HERE ARE SOME
MORE "SE-
FOUN"

HERBERT!
MY BEST
GUARDS!



WE HADN'T TIME TO
SET UP IN A PLANE!
WE GOT TO GET TO
MARSHAL COMHILL
RIGHT AWAY!

VERY GOOD!
FOLLOW ME!
I GOT YOU
ONE



AT THE
LAWSON
FIELD

CARON
BARBER!
HERE'S
OUR
PLANE!

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT
TUNNEL MUST BE THE WAY
THEY TRANSPORT THEIR
TROOPS AND MUNITIONS!
NO WONDER OUR PLANES
COULDN'T SPOT 'EM!



TELL OUR BOYS TO
QUARTER ATTACK RIGHT
AWAY! GET THERE AS
FAST AS YOU CAN! EVERY
SECOND COUNTS!

YOU GOT NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT!
I'LL BE THERE IN
FIVE MINUTES!



YOU ARE YOU
MEN COME HERE!
IMMEDIATELY! YOU
LEFT!

DON'T WORRY!
I'VE BEEN DOWN!
LET'S GO IN THIS
TRUCK!



SEND OUR
MARSHAL
MY REGARDS!

SURE! SURE!
SO LONG, AN
THANKS FOR
EVERYTHING!



THE TROOPS ARE
ON BOMBS AND GRENADES!
KEEP GOING!
THAT'S IT! DON'T
STOP FOR ANYTHING!



WELL, HERE WE
ARE, ARCHIE.
YOU TELL 'EM!

RYLA, GARY! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO MEET
US IN THE GREATEST, FUNNIEST COMIC
BOOK OF THE YEAR—**ARCHIE COMICS!**
WE'LL ALL BE THERE— HE AND JUGHEAD
AND BETTY COOPER AND VERONICA LOODER
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND **ANY DAY NOW!**

AND DON'T FORGET
US, ARCHIE, IN
JUGHEAD ONE!

AND I'M
CURST
THE
BEAR!

HEY, ARCHIE,
DON'T FORGET
ME, **SQUIDDY**
THE FISH!

AND I'M SURE
WE'LL BE THE BEST
FESTIVE! I'M
ALWAYS IN
THREE BUZZIN'
WE'RE ALL IN THE
NEW MAGAZINE!
LOOK FOR US!



GET YOUR
COPY OF **ARCHIE
COMICS!**

Archie



LOOKS LIKE
WE'VE GOT
A LOT OF
WORK AHEAD
OF US
FOR THE
NEXT HOUR,
JUGHEAD!

WE'VE
GOT A LOT
OF WORK,
HUNT?



YES, HUNT? I'M
DOING MY SHARE
NOW! I'M GONNA
RUN OUT AND HURRY IN
THE WEATHERS
ON THE FINAL
EXAMINATIONS!

EXAMINATIONS?
ON THE 7th...
INDISPENSABLE
FOR
PROSPERATION...



LATER...

YOU PROMISED
TO MAKE A STATE-
MENT ABOUT THE
FINAL
EXAMINATIONS.
HE WEATHERED!



SORRY, I'VE GOT
TO GO... IMPORTANT
MEETING, COUNTY
BOARD...

FROM...

WE DEMAND TO SEE GRAY WEATHERS AT ONCE!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

HE CAN'T DO THAT TO US!

HURRAY FOR WEATHERS!

REVEREND JOHN SCOTT

OH BOY! NO MORE EXAMS!

NICE WORK! EH, JUSHEAD?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WORK?

AND ALL OVER OFFSHORE...

AND IN THE CLASSROOM...

WELL, TAKE FOR YOUR HOMEWORK!

WHY DO HOMEWORK, MOM, IF WE WANT SOME MORE EXAMS?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, REGINALD?

REGINALD: WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING A GEEK KID? HE MADE TESTS... IT'S HORRIBLE!

THIS IS TERRIBLE!!

MEETINGS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD...

AND IN CONCLUSION, GENTLEMEN, I REPEAT THAT WHAT WE NEED IS **MORE TESTS!**

WHAT'S THAT? RIVERSIDE CALLING MR. WEATHERSEE? **VERY URGENT!**

URGENT CALL FOR ME? TO BETTER THAN IT OUTSIDE?

I WONDER WHAT COULD BE WROTH!

WHAT? THE BROWN AND GOLD QUOTER ARE BEING REJECTED TESTS? **ARCHIE ONCE!** MAKE ARCHIE POINT A DETRACTION AT **ONCE!!**

AND BACK AT RIVERSIDE HIGH...

ARCHIE! MR. WEATHERSEE SAYS THAT IF YOU DON'T POINT A DETRACTION IMMEDIATELY, HE'LL **BOOK YOU ALIVE!**

JUST WAIT TILL MR. WEATHERSEE GETS BACK, **ARCHIE ANDREWS!**

HOLY CAT! WHEN THE STUDENTS FIND OUT THAT STORY WASN'T TRUE, THEY'LL **LUNCH ME!**

SWELL STORY, **ARCHIE!** THAT'S THE BEST NEWS IN SCHOOL HISTORY!

WELL, **ARCHIE!**

2 GUYS ON... HA... THANKS, FELLOWS!

GET IT? THAT'S THE BEST... **2 GUYS ON...**

ARCHIE, ARE YOU SURE THAT STORY WAS TRUE? IF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A **WHEE, YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER DATE WITH ME!**

D. DONT WORRY, BETTY. 2 GUYS ON...

WHEE! NO MORE STUDENTS?

NOW I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY PLAYERS BEING DECLARED **INELIGIBLE!**

WHEE... SURE, COACH!

WE MADE A BAD MISTAKE
ON THAT BRAIN STORY.
HAVE TO PRINT A
SPECIAL
EDITION AT
ONCE!

WHAT CAN
WE LEARN FROM
THESE
EXPERIENCES?

THE END

NOT
PROCESSED
EXCLUDED

JOHN BULL,
CONSOLE, 4, 7
THAMES, AND SHOULD BE
PLACED AT WEAVER'S.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-14-2010 BY 60322
UCBAW/BJS



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BANK HOLDINGS, INC.
CHICAGO, ILL.

[illegible]

QUESTIONS AND
ANSWERS HAVE
BEEN CONDUCTING
A RESEARCH
PROJECT

WILEY

1. **Identify the main idea of the passage.**
 2. **Identify the supporting details.**
 3. **Identify the author's purpose.**
 4. **Identify the author's tone.**
 5. **Identify the author's bias.**
 6. **Identify the author's point of view.**
 7. **Identify the author's audience.**
 8. **Identify the author's style.**
 9. **Identify the author's structure.**
 10. **Identify the author's language.**

WANT TO GET
MY HANDS ON
THAT ARCADE

[illegible]

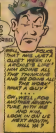
1947-48

TIME
STOCK AND
BOND MARKS
AN ADVANCE
ON CALIFORNIA

GOOD LORD!
I'LL BE **RUINED**
IF THOSE ATTRACTIONS
GET OUT NOW!

WE HAVE TO GET
BACK TO WORKING
IMMEDIATELY





BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND
YARD



THE DEVIL I TELL
YOU HE STEPPED OUT
OF THE RIDE--AND

HE'S
DELICIOUS

WHAT'S
HAPPENED? WHAT'S
ALL THE NOISE?
O--CAN'T
BREATHE!

PLEASE COME
OVER HERE,
NEVILLE--
BRUCE IS DYING!
WHAT SHALL
I DO?



HE MUST HAVE HAD A
HEART ATTACK! HE DONT
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
TO WHY POOR BRUCE!
THERE'S
NOTHING
WE CAN
DO!

THIS IS TERRIBLE!
--I CAN'T BE-
LIEVE IT! MY
DEAREST BRUCE
IS DEAD! AW
BOY!

I DON'T BELIEVE HE
HAD A HEART ATTACK!
WHY DID HE SAY THE
DEVIL KILLED HIM?
I'VE GOT TO FIND
OUT!

YES THIS IS BENTLEY
OF SCOTLAND YARD-- YOUR
HUSBAND DIED UNDER
MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES
AND YOU SUSPECT 'POUL PLAY'
WELL, OF COURSE ILL COME ILL
TAKE THE BUS TRAIN! GOOD
BYE MARY!



AS BENTLEY LEAVES
FOR NORTHERN
SCOTLAND...



WELL, WELL!
YOU WONT
RIGHTEN ME!

DEVILS FOOT? WHAT?
IT DOES LOOK LIKE A
DEVILS FACE AT THAT!



TELEGRAPH
DOES YOU
MR BENTLEY





BOARDS OF
DIRECTORS —
WELL, APPARENTLY
I THINK ALL
GET DROWNED
FOR AWHILE!

**PUT YOURSELF, INSPECTOR,
IN GEAR TO BED NOW!
GOOD NIGHT!**

HWA, THE HISTORY OF
THE HOUSE OF
WOLFEBOCK, FOUGHT
TO BE REINTEGRATED

AND IN THE YEAR OF
THE BLACK FLAG
ALICE MORRISON WAS
ACCUSED OF WITCH
CRAFT. SHE WAS THE
SISTER OF LORD
LEIGHTON, FOUNDER
OF THE HOUSE OF
PARLIAMENT.

AND SINCE THAT TIME THERE HAS BEEN A VIOLENT DEATH IN EACH GENERATION OF THE SILENT

1. **THEORY**
 2. **EXPERIMENT**
 3. **CONCLUSION**

WITH A MIGHTY LUNGE, THE
DRAGON ROSE OF THE SEAL
LASHES OUT AND KICKS BENTLEY
BY AN INCH—BENTLEY GRABS
THE SCISSOR.

HE GOT AWAY,
BUT NOT WITHOUT A
SCOLDING I MUST
HAVE HURT HIS FEELINGS
BUT HOW ON EARTH
CAN HE JUMP THRU
FIRE?



THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS...

BUT YOUR HEADS UP
NEVILLE AND BRUCE!
THE GAME IS ON SET!



YOU TRIED TO KILL ME, TOO!
I WAS SURE THAT YOU WERE THE
MURDERER WHEN I SAW THE
BANDAGE ON YOUR WRIST!
THAT'S WHERE I HIT YOU WITH
THE FORK!



GOOD! DEEP! IT'S UNO!
NEVILLE! WHY DO YOU
DO SUCH A HORRIBLE
THING?



YOU SEE HE WORE A COLORED
HAT OF RED-ROOF ASSISTANT
THAT'S WHY HE HAS ABLE TO
STEP THRU THE FLAMES AND
HE MADE US BELIEVE THAT
THE SECRET PASSAGE! AFTER
HE TRIED TO KILL ME AND HE
USED ME...



BEHIND THE MASK IT LEFT
IN THE CHAIR AND FOUND A TRACE
OF STEVENS WHICH HE RE-
LEASED INTO THE MOUTH OF
BRUCE THRU THE OPENING IN
THIS ROOM— AS HE BARFED IN
TERROR! VERY CLEVER, ES-
PECIALLY SINCE STEVENS IS A
FAST WORKING
POISON!



WHEN YOU REFUSED ME
AND HARRIED BRUCE IN-
STEAD, I WANTED TO
GET EVEN WITH YOU
AND HIM!



AND
YOU WON
GET ME
ALIVE!



HEY! YOU
FOOL!



COME
DOWN, OR I'LL
SHOOT!



AND AS
DARK THE
CURE OF
DEVILS ROCK
HAS COME
TRUE!

Be End

FREE
WITH THIS OFFER

33 POWER TELESCOPE LENS KIT



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